

Production No. 7F08

The Simpsons

"DEAD PUTTING SOCIETY"

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TABLE DRAFT

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**"DEAD PUTTING SOCIETY"**

**Cast List**

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER  
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH  
NED FLANDERS.....HARRY SHEARER  
MAUDE FLANDERS.....MAGGIE ROSWELL  
TODD FLANDERS.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
REVEREND LOVEJOY.....HARRY SHEARER  
MRS. LOVEJOY.....MAGGIE ROSWELL  
BRITISH COMMENTATOR.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
RALPH.....DAN CASTELLANETA

DEAD PUTTING SOCIETY

by

Jeff Martin

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SIMPSON FRONT YARD - SATURDAY AFTERNOON

HOMER sweats and GRUMBLES as he mows the lawn with a push mower. MARGE waters the patio plants.

HOMER

(UNDER HIS BREATH) Bust my hump all  
week... stupid grass... This is  
supposed to be the boy's job.

MARGE

Now, now, Homer. Bart's busy working  
on his science project.

BART pokes his head out of his bedroom window.

BART

You heard the lady, Homer.

BART'S BEDROOM POV

Bart has stuck toothpicks in a sweet potato and suspended it in a glass of water.

BART (CONT'D)

So please mow quietly. Genius at work.

HOMER

(GRUMBLING TO HIMSELF) I'll mow you,  
you little...

Bart sits down at his desk, picks up a Radioactive Man comic book, puts his feet up on the desk and sips a soft drink. After a few minutes, he puts down the comicbook, and picks up a log he's been keeping of his science project.

BART (CONT'D)

(WRITING) "One o'clock -- still just a potato.

CLOSE-UP - BART'S LOG

Bart makes two ditto marks under a column where every half hour is recorded "still just a potato."

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

HOMER

What's the point of having kids if you can't make 'em do the lousy chores?

Marge MUTTERS something and goes into the house. As Homer continues mowing, his next-door neighbor, NED FLANDERS, appears and begins filling his birdhouse trough with seed. A collection of beautifully feathered birds immediately begin to feed.

FLANDERS

(PLEASANTLY) Hey there, neighbor! The Lord's certainly given us a beautiful day today.

HOMER

(NOT REAL FRIENDLY) H'lo, Flanders.

FLANDERS

Doing a little yardwork, eh?

HOMER

(SARCASTIC) Who told? (CALLING TO MARGE) Marge! Could you bring me a beer? Make it a tall boy!

FLANDERS

Say Simpson, I've got a spray that'll  
get rid of that crabgrass in a jif.

HOMER

Crabgrass? What are you talking about?  
Where?

FLANDERS

Well, (POINTING) there... there...  
there... there's a big patch over  
there. Practically your entire front  
yard.

HOMER

(DEFENSIVE) Hey, there's nothing wrong  
with crabgrass! It just has a bad  
name. Everyone would love it if it had  
a cute name like... uh... elfgrass.

FLANDERS

(CHUCKLES) You may be right!

HOMER

(HOLLERING) Marge! Where's the Duff?

MARGE (V.O.)

We're all out, Homer.

Homer GRUNTS.

HOMER

Did you check the vegetable bin?  
Sometimes one falls in there.

MARGE

I checked, Homer.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

MARGE

Would you like some fruit juice?

HOMER

(THROUGH HIS TEETH) Don't mess with  
me, woman.

FLANDERS

Couldn't help overhearing, Simpson.  
I've got some ice cold brew in the  
rumpus room, if you'd like to join me.

HOMER

Well, uh, I guess that would be okay.

FLANDERS

Tee-rific! Suds ahoy!

HOMER

What the heck, I earned a little break.

A WIDE SHOT reveals that Homer has mowed half of one strip.  
They exit.

**INT. FLANDERS HOUSE - BASEMENT/RUMPUS ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Homer and Ned enter. Homer GASPS. WIDEN OUT to show that  
the rumpus room contains a bumper pool table, dart board,  
electric train layout, a soccer set, a foosball table,  
trophy case, a fully-stocked bar, thick carpeting and a  
coat of arms.

HOMER

Holy moly! Bumper pool, foosball,  
carpeting! This looks like the rumpus  
at the Taj Mahal.

FLANDERS

Say, that's right. This is your first  
visit to the Flanders homestead.

HOMER

Well, we've only been neighbors, uh,  
(COUNTING ALL OF HIS FINGERS) eight  
years.

Ned's attractive wife, MAUDE, enters with a platter of  
sandwiches.

FLANDERS

There's my little Popcorn Ball.

MAUDE

Hello, Sponge Cake.

They hug.

FLANDERS

Forgive me, Simpson. I haven't seen my  
wife in several minutes.

MAUDE

I thought you boys might be hungry, so  
I fixed you some club sandwiches.

**CLOSE-UP - PLATTER**

An elaborate platter of club sandwiches with fancy  
toothpicks holding them together.

HOMER

Geez. Toothpicks.

FLANDERS

Isn't she wonderful, Simpson?

HOMER

Yeah, but aren't we forgetting  
something, Flanders?

FLANDERS

Oh, your beer. Is draft okay? Just put  
in the tap last week.

Homer takes a big bite out of a club sandwich as Flanders  
takes a big stein labelled "Macho Mug" from his collection  
of steins and draws Homer a draft.

FLANDERS (CONT'D)

This is a tasty little lager called  
"Van Alstein".

HOMER

Never heard of it.

FLANDERS

It's imported all the way from Holland.

HOMER

Well, beggars can't be choosers.

Homer chugs down the glass of beer and then BURPS. The  
Flander's wholesome young son TODD enters. Todd is carrying  
a model of the double helix.

TODD

Hey, Dad, thanks for helping me with my  
science project.



FLANDERS

My pleasure, Study Buddy.

TODD

To show my appreciation, I'm gonna give  
the lawn a quick mow.

FLANDERS

Why, you don't have to do that, son.

TODD

I know, but I want to. You're the best  
Dad in the whole world.

Homer watches all this with wide-eyed amazement.

FLANDERS

(CHIDING) Now, you know how that  
embarrasses me.

Todd exits.

FLANDERS (CONT'D)

(TO HOMER) Kids can be a trial  
sometimes.

HOMER

(ANGRY) All right, knock it off!

FLANDERS

Uh, knock what off, Simpson?

HOMER

You've been rubbing my nose in it since  
I got here. Your family is better than  
my family. Your beer comes from  
farther away than my beer. You and  
your son like each other. Your wife's  
butt is higher than my wife's butt.  
You make me sick!

Flanders emits a little GASP.

FLANDERS

(FORMALLY) Simpson, I'm afraid I'm  
going to have to ask you to leave. I  
hope you understand.

HOMER

I wouldn't stay on a bet!

Homer quickly finishes his beer, grabs the another sandwich  
off the plate and storms out, **SLAMMING** the door behind him.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Marge and Homer are in bed.

MARGE

Homer, quit tossing.

HOMER

Sorry, Marge. It's just that I'm still  
steamed up about that jerk Flanders.  
(GRUMBLING) Lousy... bragging... know-  
it-all... show-off...

MARGE

What exactly did he say, Homer?

HOMER

Get this. He said... well... okay, look, I don't have a legal transcript, but it wasn't so much what he said, it was how he said it!

MARGE

Well, how did he say it? Was he angry? Was he rude?

HOMER

Okay, okay. It wasn't how he said it either, but the message was loud and clear... We stink!

MARGE

Homer, as your best friend, I've seen you bad-mouth Ned Flanders for years and, frankly, I've never seen him be anything but a perfect neighbor.

HOMER

Oh, he's perfect now, is he?

MARGE

Well, he's not perfect, but he is very nice.

HOMER

No, no, Marge. Don't backpedal. You were right the first time. He's perfect. Perfect in every way.

He pulls back the covers.

HOMER (CONT'D)

I'm just gonna go take a walk around  
the block to calm down. I got a little  
excited. (POINTED) I'm not perfect.

Homer exits.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Homer in his bathrobe and slippers starts around the block.  
As he passes the Flanders house, we PULL IN.

INT. FLANDERS HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ned and Maude are asleep in their large canopy bed which is  
surrounded by many pictures of their happy family.

MAUDE

Ned, you're tossing. What's the  
matter?

FLANDERS

I feel terrible. I forget that we do  
have things better than the Simpsons.  
I have him over. He has a few beers.  
You can't blame him for erupting. And  
what do I do? I turn into a snarling  
beast. Talk about flunking turn-the-  
other-cheek!

MAUDE

Well, Ned, I do have some thoughts on  
this but maybe I'm not the one you  
should be talking to.

NED

You're right.

**CLOSE-UP - FLANDERS' TELEPHONE**

On the face of the phone we see the speed dial numbers: "Reverend-Work," "Reverend-Home", "Recycling Center" and "Book Mobile". Flanders pushes the "Reverend-Home" button.

**FLANDERS**

(INTO PHONE) Hello, Reverend Lovejoy.

**INT. REVEREND LOVEJOY'S BEDROOM**

Reverend and Mrs. Lovejoy are asleep in bed.

**MRS. LOVEJOY**

(INTO PHONE) No, this is Mrs. Lovejoy.

Just a minute. (TO REVEREND) Honey, honey, wake up. It sounds like Ned Flanders is having some sort of crisis.

**REVEREND LOVEJOY**

Probably stepped on a worm. (INTO PHONE) Hello, Ned.

**FLANDERS**

(INTO PHONE) Reverend, I'm sorry to bother you at this hour but I'm troubled. I threw a man out of my house today.

**REVEREND**

(INTO PHONE, YAWNING) Well, nobody's perfect.

**FLANDERS**

(INTO PHONE) I feel like I've violated Matthew 19:19.

LOVEJOY

(INTO PHONE) Huh?

FLANDERS

(INTO PHONE) "Love thy neighbor."

LOVEJOY

(INTO PHONE) Oh. Right, right.

FLANDERS

(INTO PHONE) Could I come over so we  
can discuss it more fully?

LOVEJOY

(INTO PHONE) Ned, you'll be seeing me  
at church in six hours. However, since  
you seem so troubled, it might help to  
share your feelings with the man you  
offended.

FLANDERS

(INTO PHONE) Good idea. I'll call him  
right now.

LOVEJOY

(INTO PHONE) Unless you're a big  
contributor to his rectory fund, may I  
suggest you write him a letter?

FLANDERS

(INTO PHONE) That is a jim-dandy idea!  
Bless you, Reverend.

LOVEJOY

(INTO PHONE) Yeah, yeah, yeah...

We hear a **CLICK** on the other end of the line. Flanders hops out of bed.

**CLOSE-UP - DESK**

Ned is writing on his notepaper which is inscribed, "From The Noggin of Ned."

FLANDERS

(WRITING) "Dear Neighbor... "

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT**

Flanders, in bathrobe and slippers, approaches the front door holding a letter. As he stoops to slip it in the mail slot, Homer, also in his robe and slippers, steps up behind him.

HOMER

Flanders!

Flanders **SCREAMS**.

HOMER (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

FLANDERS

I don't blame you for being upset with me, Homer. I just wanted to give you this letter. I'll leave now.

HOMER

Yeah, you do that.

Flanders hurries away.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(MUTTERING) Spy... peeping Tom...  
trespassing burglar.

Homer looks curiously at the letter and opens it.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(READING) "Dear neighbor... "

Homer starts to CHUCKLE.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - THE NEXT AFTERNOON

The whole family is seated at lunch. Homer is reading Flanders' letter aloud. Everyone but Marge is GIGGLING.

HOMER

(READING, LAUGHING) "... You are my brother. I love you. We are not on this earth to live up to each other's expectations, and yet I feel a great sadness in my bosom."

Everyone but Marge really CRACKS UP at the word "bosom."

MARGE

I think it's terrible. A man opens his heart and you make fun of him.

Marge leaves the room.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The instant the door closes behind her, Marge covers her mouth with her hand and emits a PEEP of laughter.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Marge, with a straight face, reenters the breakfast room as Homer finishes reading the letter. Everyone is still LAUGHING.



HOMER

(READING, LAUGHING) "... Let us not be neighbors because of a shared property line. Let us be neighbors because of common respect and affection for each other. Neighbors forever, Ned Flanders."

BART

What a sap!

LISA

Read the bosom part again, Dad.

They all LAUGH at the word "bosom" again.

MARGE

Now, just a minute. There are some things about the Flanders family that I wish we had around this house.

HOMER

What besides beer?

MARGE

They're a very close-knit family.

HOMER

You know, she's absolutely right!  
Today we're gonna do something and blow them right out of the water togetherness-wise! What does everyone say to a round of miniature golf?

MARGE

Well, I was going to wash my hair.

LISA

And I'm studying for the Math Fair.

If I win one of the awards, I'll bring  
home a brand new protractor.

HOMER

Too bad we don't live on a farm. (TO  
BART) That just leaves you, me, and  
the baby. Let's go, boy.

Homer picks up Maggie as he and Bart exit.

**EXT. FAMILY FUN CENTER - AFTERNOON**

Homer, Bart and Maggie drive up to a sprawling family entertainment complex. The sign reads "Sir Putt-A-Lot's Merrie Olde Fun Centre... Ye Go Karts... Her Majesty's Batting Cage... Merlin's Video Game Dungeon... Fkee Ball," with a logo of Henry the Eighth holding a golf club. The miniature golf course features lots of crazy statuary.

BART

Here we are! Ever play before, Homer?

HOMER

Are you kidding? I've played miniature  
golf for years! I got a hole in one  
once.

**EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - FIRST HOLE - CONTINUOUS**

HOMER

Okay, boy, here we go. Fore!

Homer hits the ball. It goes through the alligator's legs into the middle hole. Bart rushes to look at the two holes near the green. The ball doesn't come out.

**CLOSE-UP - HOLE**

The ball **FLOPS** out onto a little green. We **PULL OUT** to reveal we are in the parking lot.

**HOMER**

(WHINY PROTEST) But I got it in the  
middle!

A car drives by and knocks Homer's ball down the highway.

**HOMER (CONT'D)**

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

**EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - SKULL HOLE - CONTINUOUS**

We see a hole where the obstacle is a giant skull. Maggie appears inside the skull and crawls out of one of the eyes.

**EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - WINDMILL HOLE - CONTINUOUS**

She crawls past the windmill, which hooks the hood of her coat and takes her around a full spin. She continues crawling without breaking stride. She crawls past Ned and Todd Flanders, who are also playing a little miniature golf.

**FLANDERS**

Hey, there's Homer Simpson! What a  
perfect opportunity to follow up on my  
letter.

**EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - CONTINUOUS**

At "Hole 15", Homer is preparing to hit his ball into the mouth of a huge gorilla wearing a mortar board. Bart is cockily leaning on his club.

**BART**

Give up, Homer. There's a six-stroke  
limit.

HOMER

I know, I know. I can still make this  
for a five. (CONCENTRATES) Come on,  
baby, please go in. Please let me beat  
the boy.

Homer's shot bonks off the gorilla's face and rolls back  
down the ramp, hitting Homer's putter with a delicate PING.  
Bart LAUGHS. Homer throws down his club.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SPUTTERING) Stupid over-educated  
baboon...

At this moment, the Flanders approach.

FLANDERS

Hi, Simpson! Having fun?

HOMER

Flanders! What are you doing here?

FLANDERS

Just playing a little mini-golf with  
the Todd-meister.

TODD

(FRIENDLY) Hi, Bart!

BART

(SCOWLING) Hi, Todd.

FLANDERS

Say, now that we're all friends again,  
why don't we make a foursome?

Homer and Bart halfheartedly respond, "Well, okay," "That  
sounds great," "Sure, Flanders."

FLANDERS

All right! This will be fun!  
Say, looked like you were having a  
little trouble there?

HOMER

That shot is impossible! Jack  
Nicholson himself couldn't make it.

TODD

It is difficult, Mr. Simpson. The best  
strategy is to play conservatively.  
Hug the rail. It won't go in, but you  
set yourself up for an easy deuce.

Todd putts the ball along the rail. It goes right in the  
cup.

TODD (CONT'D)

Oh, well, it went in.

FLANDERS

Good shot, Todd! (TO HOMER) Doesn't  
it give you a kick when your kid beats  
you at something?

HOMER

Yeah, it's the greatest. (ASIDE TO  
BART) Luck.

**EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - LATER**

Bart totals up the final score as he, Todd and Homer trudge  
away from the 18th hole.

BART

Final score: Bart, forty-one. Homer...  
let's see, six plus six plus six plus  
six plus six...

HOMER

Never mind!

TODD

Hey, look!

They turn and see a sign whichs reads:

Sir Putt-A-Lot's 1st Annual

MINIATURE GOLF TOURNAMENT

1ST PRIZE: \$50

2ND PRIZE: \$10

3RD PRIZE: \$5

4TH PRIZE: 1/2 PRICE SNO-CONE

TODD

Wow! First prize, fifty dollars!

BART

Wow! Third prize, five dollars!

HOMER

Where'd you come up with an attitude  
like that, boy? If the competition's  
weak and you get a few lucky putts, you  
could win this thing.

Flanders walks up with two sodas.

FLANDERS

So, Bart, thinking of entering the tournament?

HOMER

Yesh, he entering and what's more, he's going to win, aren't you, boy?

BART

(HALFHEARTEDLY) Yeah, I guess it's possible.

FLANDERS

Hey, I like that confidence.

HOMER

That's right! I have confidence, I have love. I think the fruit of my loins can beat the fruit of your loins any day of the week.

FLANDERS

But Simpson, you know you may be putting a little too much pressure on the boy. My Todd's awfully good.

HOMER

It's a simple act of faith between father and son, just as classy as any feelings you can have.

FLANDERS

Well, just so long as they have fun.

As the Flanders move off, Todd tosses his scorecard into a Henry VIII big-mouth trashcan.

HOMER

(MIMICKING) "Just so long as they have  
fun." I'd expect something like that  
out of you. Come on, boy.

Bart dives into the trashcan, emerges with the Flanders  
scorecard. Todd's column shows eleven twos and seven ones,  
for a total of 29.

BART

(GULPS) Homer, there's no way.

HOMER

Bart, this is the only time I'm ever  
gonna say this to you. It is not okay  
to lose.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - THE NEXT MORNING**

From about a yard away, Bart attempts to putt a golf ball through Santa's Little Helper's legs into a small hole they've dug in the back yard. Homer is coaching.

HOMER

(TO SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER) Okay, boy, stay, stay. Good dog. Now, keep your head down.

Santa's Little Helper lowers his head.

HOMER (CONT'D)

No, not you. I'm talking to the boy.

(TO BART) Keep your head down. Follow through...

Bart misses the shot.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Okay, that didn't work. This time move your head. Don't follow through.

BART

Homer, it's hopeless.

HOMER

That's no attitude. What if Columbus had said, "it's hopeless"? We'd be playing miniature golf on some crummy course in Europe.

Flanders pokes his head over the hedge.

FLANDERS

Practice-practice-practice, eh?

HOMER

Yeah. And my kid is gonna beat the  
crap-crap-crap out of your kid.

FLANDERS

(CHUCKLING) Funny-funny-funny.

HOMER

Show him how a winner does it, Bart.

Bart is visibly nervous. He hits the short putt so hard it  
flies across the yard, shattering one of the Simpsons' lawn  
gnome.

FLANDERS

(KINDLY) Nice firm stroke.

HOMER

(QUICKLY) Uh, good shot, Bart! You  
hit the gnome just like I told you to,  
in a voice too small for anyone else to  
hear. Let's practice inside for a  
while.

Bart is still gripping the club as Homer leads him away.  
PAN UP to Lisa and Marge watching from a window. They  
shake their heads and make DISAPPROVING MURMURS.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM - A MINUTE LATER

Homer and Bart enter. Bart is carrying the putter. He  
tosses it on the floor.

HOMER

(OUTRAGED) What're you doing? That putter is to you what a bat is to a baseball player, what a hockey stick is to a hockey player, what a violin is to a... violin guy. Now, c'mon, give your putter a name.

BART

What?

HOMER

Come on, give it a name.

BART

(TIMIDLY) Mr. Putter.

HOMER

Do you wanna try a little harder, son? Come on, give it a good name.

BART

Homer?

HOMER

No, no, a girl's name.

BART

Mom?

HOMER

(GRUFFLY) Your putter's name is Charlene!

BART

Why?

HOMER

It just is.

Homer sticks a smiling photo of Todd Flanders in Bart's bureau mirror.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Now, this is a picture of your enemy,  
Todd Flanders. Every day I want you to  
spend fifteen minutes staring at it and  
concentrating on how much you hate him  
and how glorious it will be when you  
and Charlene kick his butt.

BART

Who's Charlene?

Homer picks up the putter and brandishes it.

HOMER

(ANGRY) I'll show you who Charlene is!

Now start hating!

Homer exits. Bart stares at the picture for several beats,  
then sighs and looks out the window. He sees Todd looking  
at him from inside his own bedroom, smiling and waving.

TODD

(FRIENDLY) Hi, Bart.

INT. SIMPSON KITCHEN - DAY

Marge is in the kitchen. Homer enters.

MARGE

Homer, I couldn't help overhearing you  
warp Bart's mind.

HOMER

And?

MARGE

Well, I'm worried that you're making too big a deal of this silly little kiddie golf tournament.

HOMER

But, Marge, this is our big chance to show up the Flanderses.

MARGE

Well, I'm sure it is, but why do we want to do that?

HOMER

Because sometimes the only way you can feel good about yourself is by making someone else look bad. (BITTERLY) And I'm tired of making other people feel good about themselves.

INT. BART'S BEDROOM - DAY

Bart is looking at his modest collection of tiny trophies and brown, yellow and gray ribbons reading "Bart Simpson, 4th Place", "Honorable Mention", "Participant", "6TH", "Everybody Gets A Trophy Day". Lisa enters.

LISA

Hi, Bart. What're you doing?

BART

Reliving past triumphs. What do you call those guys in chess that don't matter?

LISA

Well, a blockaded bishop can be of little or no value, but I think you're referring to a pawn.

BART

Well, you're looking at one of those.

LISA

I know. It's times like this that I'm thankful Dad has little to no interest in almost everything I do. Bart, I think I can help you.

BART

What do you know about miniature golf?

LISA

I know that, like any other game, it's ten percent skill and ninety percent will. Come with me, Bart.

BART

(CONSIDERS) Well... Okay. What have I got to lose.

Bart picks up the putter.

LISA

Leave the putter. You won't be needing it.

Puzzled, Bart exits with Lisa.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Bart and Lisa arrive on their bikes.

BART

Hey, man, this is the library! What  
are we doing here?

LISA

There are books here that can make you  
a champion.

BART

But I didn't bring any money.

LISA

It's free, Bart.

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Bart and Lisa pass the LIBRARIAN.

LIBRARIAN

Hi, Lisa.

LISA

Hi, Mrs. Norton.

They pass a MAN pushing a cart full of books.

MAN

Hi, Lisa.

LISA

Hey, Ralph.

They approach the card catalog. There's a table full of  
SENIOR CITIZENS.

SENIOR CITIZENS

(IN UNISON) Hi, Lisa.

LISA

Hey, gang. (THEN) Okay, Bart, this is  
the card catalog.

She opens an extremely long drawer.

LISA (CONT'D)

Let's see, "golf"... Anecdotes,  
fashion, history, humor... ah, here it  
is. Putting.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIBRARY STACKS - ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY SECTION - LATER

Bart, carrying an arm load of books, is following Lisa.  
Lisa has a list of the books she's looking for.

LISA

Ah, here's the most important book of  
all, The Tao Te Ching by Lao Tzu.

BART

Okay, that's it! Now I know you're  
just pulling my chain.

He drops all the books on the floor. People turn and  
stare.

LISA

(TO THE OTHERS, EXPLAINING) First  
timer.

INT. LIBRARY - READING ROOM - LATER

Bart and Lisa are looking at a large picture book, "Meet  
Mr. Brain". The picture in the book shows an X-ray view of  
a man's brain. An arrow from the left brain points to the  
man as a scientist, an arrow from the right brain points to  
the man as a dancer.



LISA

(POINTING) The left brain is logical,  
the right brain emotional and artistic.  
Success at any sport requires a  
partnership of the two halves. Each of  
us must do the work of one half the  
brain.

BART

So which half am I?

LISA

The one in the leotard.

EXT. LAKE SPRINGFIELD - DAY

Bart and Lisa sit in the lotus position, facing each other.  
We hear ORIENTAL MUSIC.

LISA

I want you to shut off the logical part  
of your mind.

BART

Okay.

LISA

Embrace nothingness.

BART

You got it.

LISA

Become like an uncarved stone.

BART

Done.

LISA

Bart! You're just pretending to know  
what I'm talking about.

BART

True.

LISA

Well, it's very frustrating.

BART

I'll bet.

EXT. TOP OF MOUNT SPRINGFIELD - DAY

The town is spread out before their feet, birds fly below  
them, a gentle wind blows.

LISA

Bart, I have a riddle for you: What's  
the sound of one hand clapping?

BART

Easy.

He flaps the fingers of one hand against the palm, making a  
weak CLAPPING noise.

LISA

No, Bart. It's a three-thousand-year-  
old riddle with no answer.

BART

What're you talking about? Hey, Lisa,  
listen up.

Bart again flaps the fingers of one hand against his palm,  
making the weak CLAPPING noise.

LISA

Bart, the riddle is unsolvable. It's  
to clear your mind of conscious  
thought. Let's try another one.  
Listen carefully. If a tree falls in  
the woods and no one's around, does it  
make a sound?

BART

Absolutely. Eeeeeeeer! Crash! Boom!

LISA

Wait. How can a sound exist if there's  
no one there to hear it?

For a full five seconds, Bart's face is a complete blank.  
Then it suddenly lights up.

BART

Wooooooooowwww!

Lisa hands Bart the putter.

LISA

It is time.

**EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - DAY**

They're at the hole featuring a statue of a dinosaur with a  
caveman in its mouth. Lisa whips a measuring tape and  
protractor out of her knapsack and takes a few quick  
measurements.

LISA

The basis of this game seems to be  
simple geometry. All you have to do is  
hit the ball here.

She points to a spot on the sideboard. Bart hits the shot. The ball bounces around and rolls right into the hole. Bart looks after it, stunned.

BART

I can't believe it... You've actually found a practical use for geometry.

They move on to another hole, which features a seated Abe Lincoln statue, like at the Lincoln Memorial. Every few seconds, Lincoln's legs swing out at the knee in a very unnatural way, allowing an opening to hit the ball through. Lisa whips out a stopwatch and times it.

LISA

When his feet come together, wait five seconds and hit the ball.

BART

Okay. Onetwothree...

LISA

Slower.

BART

(EXTREMELY SLOW) One... two...

LISA

(TO DEMONSTRATE) One Mississippi, two Mississippi...

BART

(TOO FAST) OneMizzippi, twoMizzippi --

LISA

(INTERRUPTS) Okay. Instead of counting, sing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic".

BART

(SINGS) "Glory, glory, hallelujah /  
Teacher hit me with a ruler / Met her  
at the door with a loaded forty-four /  
And she ain't my teacher no more."

Bart hits the shot, it goes right through Lincoln's legs.

LISA

Yaayy!

They hug.

#### TRAINING MONTAGE

Over INSPIRATIONAL MUSIC:

1. At a hole featuring a grinning Sphinx, Lisa makes a measurement and points. Bart hits the shot.
2. Bart hits a shot blindfolded and standing on one leg as Lisa observes.
3. Out a pool hall window, we see it's raining. PAN over to show Bart standing on a table, putting balls into a corner pocket as Lisa and various LOWLIFES watch. Strong hands grab the kids and yank them off the table.
4. At the course, Lisa wears a raincoat and holds an umbrella over Bart so he can continue practicing.
5. At dusk, we see Bart in silhouette, in the crane position (a la "The Karate Kid") atop a garbage can.

HOMER

Bart! What're you doing?

LISA

He's practicing for the tournament,  
Dad.

HOMER

Practicing what? How to embarrass your father? Get down from there before the neighbors see --

FLANDERS

Hey, Simpson.

Flanders appears on the other side of the fence.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT) Flanders, I don't care what this looks like, Bart's gonna mop the floor with your son's ugly butt.

FLANDERS

(CLINGING TO HIS DECENCY) Well, may the best man win.

HOMER

Ah, "may the best man win". The mating call of the loser.

FLANDERS

Now, just a minute, Simpson. I think my son has a very good chance.

HOMER

Oh, yeah? You wanna bet?

FLANDERS

I'm not a betting man.

Homer makes CLUCKING noises, like a chicken.

FLANDERS (CONT'D)

If that's supposed to mean I'm a chicken, you're barking up the wrong tree. How's this for a wager? A batch of your wife's delicious blueberry muffins against one of my wife's homemade wind chimes!

HOMER

What kinda stupid bet is that? Are you scared to make a real bet?

FLANDERS

No, I just --

Homer makes more CLUCKING noises and dances around, flapping his arms.

FLANDERS (CONT'D)

You know, Simpson, you're starting to annoy me.

HOMER

How about this? If Bart wins tomorrow, you have to mow my lawn.

FLANDERS

And if Todd wins, you have to mow your lawn! And do a decent job of it, for a change!

HOMER

Better yet, you have to mow the lawn in your wife's Sunday dress.

FLANDERS

You have yourself a bet, you  
jackaninny!

INT. SIMPSON KITCHEN - DAY

Marge is writing on a pad as Homer and Flanders pace back  
and forth.

HOMER

Read that back to me, Marge.

MARGE

(READS) "The father of the loser mows  
the lawn -- "

FLANDERS

(INTERRUPTS) Just a minute. "Loser"  
is such a harsh word.

HOMER

You get used to it.

FLANDERS

Couldn't we just say "the father of the  
boy who doesn't win"?

HOMER

Fine.

MARGE

(WRITING) "The father of the boy who  
doesn't win has to mow the lawn in his  
wife's Sunday dress." Now I suppose  
you both have to sign this. I hope  
blood won't be necessary.



HOMER

I'm game if you are, Flanders.

Flanders shakes his head and signs the contract.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Flanders storms out carrying the contract. The door SLAMS.  
Flanders stops short.

FLANDERS

Good gravy, what have I done?

INT. CHURCH - REVEREND LOVEJOY'S OFFICE - DAY

The office displays pictures of LOVEJOY as a young  
basketball and Lacrosse star.

LOVEJOY

What's troubling you, Brother Flanders?

Smothering your children with too much  
love again?

FLANDERS

No, Reverend, it's that neighbor of  
mine. He's turned me into a  
foul-mouthed gambler, and possibly a  
cross-dresser.

LOVEJOY

Gee, Ned, this sounds serious, but --

FLANDERS

Will you shut up and listen?!

LOVEJOY

(GASPS) Ned!

FLANDERS

(REPENTANT) You see what I mean?

Reverend, I get the feeling he may be just a tiny bit jealous of me.

(INCREASINGLY HEATED) And the more his behavior bothers me, the more I want to take pleasure in his ineptitude.

LOVEJOY

Yes, back in seminary, a student was jealous of my... well, let's just say I had more on the beam. But rather than savor my superiority, I reached out to him in a spirit of Christian fellowship, and today we're the best of friends.

Lovejoy indicates a photo of himself, arm-in-arm with another Reverend.

LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

He's the pastor at Second Presbyterian.

(SNICKERS) A wee little church for a wee little man.

FLANDERS

So you think if I reach out in the same spirit to Homer...

LOVEJOY

Homer? Homer Simpson?

FLANDERS

Yes.

LOVEJOY

Ned, he's a member of my flock.

FLANDERS

Yes.

LOVEJOY

He annoys everyone. Without getting into particulars, it's clear to me that you're in no way to blame.

FLANDERS

But, Reverend, it takes two to tango.

LOVEJOY

Trust me.

FLANDERS

And what about the bet?

LOVEJOY

Take him.

EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - DAY

Homer pulls up and sees Bart and Lisa practicing on a pirate pig hole. He HONKS the horn.

HOMER

Hey, Bart, how's it goin', champ?

Let's see that winning form.

Bart becomes visibly nervous.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Keep your left arm straight... rotate your shoulders...

BART

Dad!

HOMER

(GENTLY) Look, son, all I'm asking is  
that you try.

BART

Okay, I'll try.

HOMER

(SCORNFUL) Anybody can try! I want  
you to win! Give me a swelled head! I  
never had one!

Bart stabs at the ball. It bounces off the pig and  
SPLASHES into the lagoon. CLOSE ON Homer, who looks  
worried.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marge is putting her hair in curlers at the vanity table.  
Homer reaches into her closet and pulls out two dresses,  
one with polka dots and one with vertical stripes. He  
holds them up in front of the mirror.

MARGE

Homer?!

HOMER

Marge, give me your honest opinion.

(HOLDS UP A DRESS) This? (HOLDS UP  
THE OTHER ONE) Or this?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP - BART

Asleep. We PULL OUT revealing that Homer is seated staring at him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - DAWN

WORKMEN erecting VIP stands, polishing the figurines, sweeping the greens to the strains of "FANFARE FOR THE COMMON MAN." We see a sign reading: "Ye Olde First Annual Miniature Golf Tournament - Today."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM

Bart is asleep. He stirs, opens his eyes and SCREAMS. We PULL OUT revealing that Homer is still sitting beside him on the bed.

HOMER

Just another day. Nothing to get nervous about. No big tournament... Oh, wait a minute. There is a big tournament and you're in it! And you better win!

Lisa runs in.

LISA

Dad! Please leave!

HOMER

See you downstairs, boy. There's a hearty steak and eggs breakfast awaitin' you.

Homer exits.

LISA

How are you feeling?

BART

(MISERABLY) Okay.

Bart gets out of bed, walks into the bathroom and begins washing up over the following.

LISA

Eighth hole.

BART

(AUTOMATICALLY) Aim for the Octopus'  
third tentacle, allow for six inches of  
break.

LISA

Twelfth hole.

BART

Bank it off the pink tombstone, don't  
leave it short.

LISA

Nirvana.

BART

(BRUSHING TEETH) A state of bliss  
attained through the extinction of the  
self.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BREAKFAST ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Marge is at the kitchen counter setting a steak and egg  
plate for Bart. Homer is reading the funnies.

HOMER

Heh heh... that crazy Marmaduke...

Marge sets the plate of steak and eggs before Bart.

MARGE

Here you go, Bart. A lumberjack's  
breakfast.

LISA

Mom, Bart is on a strict diet of  
complex carbohydrates. Steak will make  
him logy.

MARGE

Well, what won't make him logy?

LISA

Oatmeal.

HOMER

Oatmeal?

LISA

Oats are what a champion thoroughbred  
eats before he or she wins the Kentucky  
Derby.

HOMER

News flash, Lisa! Bart isn't a horse.  
Eat your steak, boy.

BART

Aw, forget it! I'm not hungry.

Bart slumps into the living room.

LISA

Dad, do you know what the biggest obstacle is to Bart playing well?

HOMER

That kangaroo statue where you got to hit it in the tiny little pouch?

LISA

No. You are.

HOMER

(GASPS) Me?? That was my next guess.

LISA

You've staked this entire family's self-esteem on the shoulders of a ten-year-old boy. The only way he can win is if you tell him it's okay to lose.

HOMER

But if I tell him to lose, he'll lose.

LISA

No, Dad. If you tell him to win, he'll lose.

HOMER

Lisa, there's a lot of things I haven't understood in my life: One of them is everything you just said... Okay, I'll talk to him, but you better be right.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bart is sullenly watching TV as Homer approaches.



HOMER

Watching TV instead of thinking about  
the tournament, eh? Good, good.  
Because that tournament is not so  
important --

BART

(EXPLODING) Homer, would you shut up  
about the tournament, already! Why are  
you so obsessed with it? You're crazy!  
Name me one athlete who got famous  
playing a sport with the word  
"miniature" in it. To hell with the  
tournament! I don't care about the  
stupid tournament!

Bart storms out past Lisa.

HOMER

(GRUMBLING TO LISA) Well, now what do  
you say?

LISA

(PROUDLY) Victory is ours!

HOMER

Huh?

**EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - AFTERNOON**

PAN across the course as we hear TV SPORTS MUSIC and a  
BRITISH COMMENTATOR.

BRITISH COMMENTATOR

Good afternoon, everybody, and welcome to the finale of what has already been a stirring afternoon of miniature golf. The cream has risen, the wheat has bid farewell to the chaff, we now approach the championship match with but two warriors remaining: The heretofore unknown Bart Simpson, and Todd Flanders, one of the most skilled ten year olds ever to take back the blade.

~~NEW ANGLE~~

Bart conferring with Lisa.

LISA

Bart, having never received any words of encouragement myself, I'm not sure how they're supposed to sound. But here goes. I believe in you.

BART

Thanks, man!

EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - CONTINUOUS

Homer and Marge, carrying Maggie, approach the Flanders clan, who have their heads bowed in prayer. Todd is wearing a snappy golfcap and plaid knickers.

HOMER

Hey, Flanders, it's no use praying, because I already did the same thing, and we can't both win.

FLANDERS

(THROUGH CLENCHED TEETH) Actually,  
Simpson, we were praying that no one  
gets hurt.

HOMER

Oh... Well, it doesn't matter. This  
time tomorrow, you'll be wearing high  
heels.

FLANDERS

No, you will.

HOMER

'Fraid not.

FLANDERS

'Fraid so.

HOMER

(SMUGLY) 'Fraid not infinity.

FLANDERS

'Fraid so infinity plus one.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

**NEW ANGLE**

Marge and Maude looking at Homer and Ned.

MARGE

You know, Homer has many fine  
qualities. He looks like a baby when  
he sleeps.

MAUDE

There's a lot of little boy in both of them.

EXT. MINIATURE GOLF - FIRST HOLE - CONTINUOUS

Polite APPLAUSE as Todd and Bart approach the first tee.

BRITISH COMMENTATOR

Young Flanders has the honor and will tee off first.

Todd sticks out his hand, Bart shakes it without enthusiasm.

TODD

Good luck, Bart.

BART

Get bent.

Todd tees up and hits the ball through the boxing alligator's legs.

BRITISH COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

It's got a chance... (BALL GOES IN)

Yes, sir!

BART

(DESPAIRINGLY) Oh, man...

Bart talks to himself as he tees up.

BART

(TO HIMSELF) Tree falling in the woods. Tree falling in the woods. Tree falling in the...

A glazed, slack-jawed expression comes over Bart. He putts and sinks it. The crowd APPLAUDS.

BRITISH COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

And the battle is well and truly  
joined.

HOMER

Woo-hoo! (TO FLANDERS) Stick that in  
your pipe, Mister Put-on-women's-  
clothing-and-mow-the-grass-in-front-of-  
a-bunch-of people! (BEAT) Oh, and smoke  
it!

FLANDERS

(TO TODD) Mercy is for the weak, Todd.

Todd does not look happy with the change in his dad.

MONTAGE

Bart and Todd tensely hitting shots on some of the goofy  
holes we've seen or heard described. We see their  
respective families CHEER when a putt is sunk, anguish when  
it misses. It appears to be a close match.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - HOLE 18 - LATE AFTERNOON

Bart and Todd approach the Lincoln hole.

BRITISH COMMENTATOR

If one were to look up "courage" in the dictionary, one might very well come upon a photo of these two gladiators. They approach the final hole deadlocked at eight strokes on the happy side of par. Soon, one man will emerge triumphant, he will drink naught but champagne, while his opponent tastes bitter defeat in this often cruel game.

Todd putts. The ball rolls through Lincoln's legs and emerges three feet from the hole. The CROWD APPLAUDS politely.

FLANDERS

It's okay, son. You can recover.

NEW ANGLE

Homer is a nervous wreck.

HOMER

(TO HIMSELF, PLEADING) Come on, Bart. Remember what Vince Lombardi said: "If you lose, you're out of the family."

MARGE

Homer!

NEW ANGLE

Bart is taking deep breaths.

BART

(TO HIMSELF) This is it, dude. (SINGS  
IN ANGUISHED VOICE) "Glory, glory,  
hallelujah / Teacher hit me with a  
ruler / Met her at the door / with a  
loaded forty-four / and she's no longer  
teaching at my school anymore... Uh-oh.

Bart putts. It barely makes it through Lincoln's legs. He  
SIGHS with relief and mops his brow. Bart and Todd both  
have three foot putts to make.

BRITISH COMMENTATOR

Neither man showing his best form...  
This sort of pressure can unhinge even  
the steeliest competitor.

TODD

This is pretty tense, isn't it, Bart?

BART

Well, maybe for you.

TODD

You mean you're not nervous? Your  
knees aren't shaking. You don't  
realize that the slightest mistake can  
brand you a loser?

BART

Oh, that. Yeah, I got plenty of that.

TODD

Well, I guess there's no turning back  
now.

BART

Sure there is. We could quit.

TODD

Hey!

WIDE SHOT

Bart and Todd pick up their balls and cross to the scoring table where the JUDGE and the BRITISH COMMENTATOR are sitting.

TODD

We've decided we're equally good.

BART

Yeah, we want to call it a draw.

BRITISH COMMENTATOR

(ANNOUNCING) Ladies and gentlemen, we  
have a draw!

The crowd MURMURS, "A draw!" "What the hell is that?" "A draw in miniature golf!" "This is ridiculous."

BRITISH COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)

(TEARFULLY) You will forgive an old  
Brit for crying, but this is the most  
stirring display of gallantry and  
sportsmanship since Mountbatten gave  
India back to the Punjabs.

EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - DUSK

Bart and Todd exchange a high five, HOLLERING "Yipee!" and "Yeah!".

NEW ANGLE

Flanders puts a friendly hand on Homer's shoulder.



FLANDERS

Well, Homer, our kids showed us something today. By working together, we can both be winners. (CHUCKLES) Thank heaven neither of us has to go through with that silly wager.

HOMER

Wait a minute, Flanders! You're not gonna welch on our bet?!

FLANDERS

What are you talking about? Neither of our boys lost.

HOMER

I got it right here in writing.

Homer takes the contract out of his pocket.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(READING) "The father of the boy who doesn't win has to mow the lawn dressed in his wife's Sunday dress."

FLANDERS

(DISBELIEVING) You mean you want us both to do it?!

HOMER

That's right, Flanders. Wearing a dress is a small price to pay to see you humiliate yourself.

**EXT. SIMPSON AND FLANDERS HOUSES - DAY**

Homer and Flanders, wearing their wives' Sunday dresses and hats, pass each other as they mow the their lawns.

**LAUGHING NEIGHBORS** shout jeering **AD LIBS**: "Nice legs", "Woo woo", "You missed a spot," etc.

We see Bart, Lisa and Todd, Maggie, Rod, Todd, Maude and Marge watching the scene.

**MARGE**

(MOANING) Oh, my best dress.

**LISA**

Why do I get the feeling that someday  
I'll be describing this to a  
psychiatrist?

**CLOSE-UP - HOMER**

Muttering to himself.

**HOMER**

Listen to them laughing... This is so  
humiliating... I'm never gonna live  
this down... Damn Flanders...

Homer approaches the fence at the same time Flanders does.

**FLANDERS**

Y'know, Simpson, this is kind of fun!  
Reminds me of my fraternity days.

**HOMER**

(ANNOYED GRUNT) Oh my God! He's  
enjoying it!

**FADE OUT:**

**THE END**